

FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1917

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# *Reedy's* MIRROR

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PRICE TEN CENTS  
THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR

For a Fair Street  
Railway Settlement

## The City's Street Railway Ordinances: No. 2

In the second, or alternative, ordinance drafted by the City Government for a street railway settlement, the City offers the United Railways Company these terms:

The Company shall pay the unpaid mill tax in full, in ten yearly installments.

The Company shall each year hereafter pay the City 3% of its gross revenue from transportation in the City of St. Louis.

The City shall accept this 3% of gross revenue in lieu of the mill tax or other occupation or license tax, but shall reserve the right to levy a franchise tax, a general property tax, special assessment taxes and paving taxes on the Company.

The City shall grant the Company a 50-year franchise.

The City shall have the right, ten years from date of acceptance of the ordinance, and every five years afterward, to buy the street railways, and to pay for them either with cash or with 4% City bonds.

The City shall recognize, as the purchase price, a present valuation of \$60,000,000, increased or reduced hereafter as provided by the ordinance.

The City Comptroller shall at all times have the right to examine the Company's records and accounts, and shall verify all increases or reductions of its capital or purchase price.

Control of street railway operation, and of additions and betterments (including subways and rapid transit lines), shall be exercised by a Committee of two members, one named by the City, one by the Company.

This Committee, within sixty days from taking effect of the ordinance, shall consider what re-arrangements, extensions, additions and betterments of the street railway service of St. Louis are needed.

The Committee (like the Board of Control in Ordinance No. 1) shall have power to order re-arrangements, extensions, additions and improvements to be made, either wholly at the Company's cost when the investment promises to earn operating charges and interest, or to be paid for partly by the Company and partly by those desiring such extensions when the investment does not promise to earn operating charges and interest.

When the Committee orders such improvements, it shall certify to City and Company the amounts so invested by the Company which may be added to its capital or purchase price.

The Company shall not capitalize contributions so made by others; the City shall acquire ownership in the system to the amount of such contributions.

The Committee shall have power to order tracks taken up and other property of the Company disposed of when no longer required or useful, and shall certify to City and Company the amounts by which, because of such plant reductions, the Company's capital or purchase price shall be reduced.

The City shall reserve the right for itself or for any citizen to get property owners' consent for car line extensions, ordered by the Committee, should the Company fail or refuse to get them.

The City shall reserve the right to build subways or rapid transit lines, and the Company shall lease and operate them, in connection with its other lines.

The City shall reserve the right to grant interurban or other street railway companies the use of United Railways' tracks, or permission to lay tracks in the same streets.

The City shall reserve the right, if it does not buy the property within fifty years, to grant a new franchise to another company, provided the new company shall buy the property at the purchase price provided in the ordinance.

If the City or a new company buys the property, the price to be paid shall be the purchase price provided in the ordinance, less the bonded debt, which the buyer shall assume, and the Company's total bonded debt shall never exceed the purchase price.

The Company shall maintain its present rates of fare and grant universal transfers.

The Company shall continue to pave and repair paving between and for one foot on either side of its tracks, and shall continue to remove snow and ice from streets traversed by its lines, as ordered by the City.

The Company shall be granted the right, "subject to unobstructed use of the streets by passenger cars," and to revocation by the City at any time, to operate special cars for mail, express and freight, and to build switch tracks from its main lines to factories, yards and other institutions desiring switch facilities—always subject to the City's approval.

Failure to perform any of its obligations herein shall forfeit the Company's rights under this ordinance.

The Company must accept the ordinance within nine months.

The City shall reserve the right to alter, amend, or repeal the ordinance at any time.

It is important to every citizen that the obstacles which have handicapped St. Louis' street railway service for years past should be settled, as soon as possible and on terms fair to the community and the Company.

A comparison of the two ordinances will be given in our next advertisement.

## The United Railways Company of St. Louis



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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**WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor**

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*Can the Kaiser*

THE menace of a peace that would leave the world at the mercy of a militarily consolidated *Mittel Europa* dominated by the Hohenzollerns is dissipated by the blunt reply of President Wilson to Pope Benedict's proposals for an ending of the war. The reply accepts the principle of no *post-bellum* retaliations in economic exclusions and of an arrangement to secure peace among the nations by international compact, but it says without persiflage or periphrase that no understanding can be established with a government whose word is not to be trusted. We will make peace with the German people, not with the autocracy that wantonly plunged the world into the present conflict. This is about what Premier Asquith said very early in 1914. The President speaks for all the countries fighting Germany and proclaims Kaiserism as an enemy to the human race, the outlaw of civilization. He is considerate of and courteous to the Pope, but the message is, as to the war-lords of Potsdam, a contemptuous rejection of the possibility of any league with death and covenant with hell. In short, the President puts in more elegant words the Yankee soldier's summarization of the purpose of the nations leagued against Teuton *Schrecklichkeit*, to "can the Kaiser."

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*The End's in Sight*

THAT the war is going against the Teutons steadily and crescently is plain. The submarine ravages are checked. The American embargo puts an end to the supply of food and war materials by the little neutrals to the north of the besieged empire. There is a diminution of man-power in the German offensive and defensive on the western line. Italy has fairly broken the power of Austria along the Isonzo. The Austrian forces are in retreat that is barely not a rout. Russia is being driven back by the Germans, but the withdrawal benefits the invaders very little; the farther they follow the worse they are off, for the line they have to protect grows longer and the resources for the maintenance of striking-power are palpably lessening. In addition there is no prospect that the drive can result in a dictated separate peace with Russia. Behind the German armies the morale of the German population is disintegrating. The ministry of militarists and Junkers finds the Reichstag intractable, insistent upon knowing the facts of the situation, asserting its right to a voice in the making of peace as against the bureaucracy's theory that the Reichstag shall only ratify any peace made by Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Germany has lost her colonies. Her merchant ships are swept from the seas. Her trade territory has been taken by her enemies. Her splendid business organization is reduced to futility before the execration of mankind. In war she is out-shipped, out-gunned, out-manned. She is vanquished and the vanquished cannot make a peace that will enable her to organize for another war as she organized for this one. No peace is possible save upon the basis of her democratization and an agreement to disarmament that the world can be sure she will keep. Germany can have peace the day she sets up government responsible to the German people. After that, broadly speaking, the Pope's proposals will be acceptable upon the basis of restoration and reparation to Serbia, Belgium and France.

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*In Memory of a Man*

DIED and was buried here last week a man who well deserves remembrance in this state—Harry J.

Cantwell. The notices of his passing in the daily press were almost contemptibly inadequate. For Harry Cantwell was a man of vision—not a visionary but a man of constructive imagination conjoined with a singularly joyous disposition and a character wholly loveable. It was Mr. Cantwell who supplied the chief energy in the development of the lead district in southeast Missouri; some of his genius and force accounts for the vast operations of the St. Joe Lead company and the Guggenheims are the inheritors of the fruits of his labors. It was Mr. Cantwell who mapped out the plan to supply St. Louis with water-generated electric power by damming the Missouri and connecting it with the Meramec by a canal. He had secured the rights from congress but Hugh Cooper came in later with the funds and changing the Cantwell scheme built the Keokuk dam and locks and the stupendous power house there. Mr. Cantwell inaugurated a large project for the development and use of the Ozark region through small holdings. He was one of the first men to see all the significance of the Panama canal project as is shown in the files of the *Panama Mail*, founded and edited by him in 1905. A lawyer with a broad and firm grasp of principle and deftness in its application Mr. Cantwell was effective in many important cases. He did splendid work in securing for the Cherokee Indians their full share of the value of their lands in what was Indian Territory. Though a passionate democrat he stood out alone in the lead country in a fight for the rights of the operators as against the extreme demands of organized labor. He was effective in briefing and in oratorical presentation of causes, combining succinctness, clearness and eloquence in quite an unique fashion. This lawyer became an expert mining engineer and was made a member of the American Society of Mining Engineers. In 1896 he espoused the cause of Bryan and founded here a daily paper, *The Evening Journal*, to advocate the gospel. The paper failed of support, not of lack of brilliant editorial direction. In 1912 Mr. Cantwell was of those who believed and followed Roosevelt. Amidst these activities he never relaxed his efforts for the development of the resources of southeast Missouri, efforts none the less effective for the fact that he was an exponent of the political and economic philosophy of Henry George. Fortunes he made, lost and made again in the prosecution of his enterprises, and while he was prospecting or promoting or financing he never lost zest for the delights of literature. His generosity was as inexhaustible as his resources in the exigencies of the *entrepreneur*, and no amount of difficulty could daunt his good humor. His labors enriched many other men more than himself, but he was incapable of envy or of nursing grievances. In his companionship one found both rest and stimulation, for his mind was endlessly spintharic in suggestion. Those of us who knew Harry Cantwell can never forget him, so much of him went to the making of so much of the best in ourselves.

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*The Status of Prohibition*

THOSE Missouri senators, Stone and Reed, are still objects of interest in the political landscape. A great many people are wondering why Stone voted for the resolution for a prohibition amendment to the constitution. It is very simple. A man can be very much opposed to prohibition or anything else, and yet, if he be a Democrat, he cannot well oppose the submission of the question to the people. It was Stone, by the way, who suggested the highly reasonable limitation upon the amendment resolution that it shall be of no effect if the requisite number



of state legislatures have not indorsed it within six years. The states that indorse it early may possibly change opinion upon the subject in six years, and may not want to be bound to a past declaration by the time the latest of the necessary number of states come into line for the proposition. Reed it was who put the bone-dry clause in the post-office bill. That rider effectively barred from dry states the liquor that might be shipped in for the private consumption of those people who think prohibition a good thing for the masses but not to be applied to the better classes. Reed put an awful crimp in the profitable business of the mail-order whiskey houses—the purveyors, by the way, of the very worst whiskey—all of which worked for the kind of prohibition that would favor their shipments.

Reed is given some of the credit for the first sign of a reaction against the recent prohibition "wave." I mean the late primaries in Virginia. In those primaries the winner of the Democratic nomination for governor, Westmoreland Davis, on a "common sense" platform, defeated aspirants who had the open or secret backing of the Anti-Saloon League. He received seven thousand more votes than both his competitors, and this, as Louis Siebold says, in the *New York World*, "with the two United States senators, all but one representative, the present governor and all the political losses against him. Davis received many Republican votes for his liberalism, because a Democratic nomination means election in Virginia." The farmers also supported Davis, who is a wealthy farmer. All farmers are supposed to be "dry." Rev. James Cannon, Jr., head of the Anti-Saloon League, led the fight on Davis; Carter Glass led the fight for him. Glass is secretary of the National Democratic committee. He earned distinction in congress as the father of the Federal Reserve law. The state had gone dry last November; here in August it practically reverses itself, if the politicians' interpretation of the Davis victory is correct. This, it is said, will stiffen the backbones of politicians in other states who have been shaky in their opposition to prohibition because of the fierce drive made against them by the Anti-Saloon League and other dry organizations.

There is a reaction against the power of the Cannon organization in other states—Colorado, North Dakota, Washington, Indiana, Oregon, even Kansas. Working people especially resent the Reed bone-dry amendment to the post-office bill, as "the most offensive prohibition measure ever written into the statutes," which is exactly what Missouri's junior senator intended it should be. It makes prohibition work against the prohibitionists who want their private tipples while denying that luxury to their fellow-citizens. Moreover, many people who incline to prohibition dislike the mixture of preachers and politics represented by the Cannonite machine of the Anti-Saloon League. But in the language of the street, "you must hand it to Cannon," for he's the biggest and most successful lobbyist in the United States, dealing in cajoleries and threats against politicians and officials, promising election and threatening defeat as his purposes are favored or opposed. "It was Mr. Cannon," says Louis Siebold in the *World*, "who compelled his supporters to inject the objectionable 'bone-dry' amendment in the food control bill. It was to Mr. Cannon that President Wilson appealed to modify the 'dry' demands and permit the passage of the food control bill. It is the opinion of some of the most conservative members of congress that if Mr. Cannon had refused to comply with the President's request, a test of strength between the President and the head of the 'dry' lobby would have resulted in a victory for the latter, so great was the fear of members of congress of the enormous power of the 'dry' leader."

The Davis victory is a set-back for Cannon, and it is believed that if the senate had delayed for a fortnight its vote on the national prohibition amendment, there would have been fewer than fifty-six votes for it and more than twenty against it. The Davis primary has strengthened the disinclination of the house to take up and pass the resolution. The

"dry drive" is stopped. The workers in many states are including in the grievances against which they propose to strike, the Reed bone-dry clause. So that Reed by forcing prohibition on prohibitionists who didn't want it for themselves but did want it for others, has struck a powerful blow against that fantastic and fakey fanaticism. Reed's measure raises the forces that may be able to prevent the ratification of the amendment before the expiration of the six-year limitation.

Prohibitionists reckon they need but nine states to win. Now twenty-four states are dry, the law in Utah having gone into effect August 1st. Indiana becomes dry on April 3rd next, Michigan on April 30th and Montana, January 1st, 1919. The District of Columbia becomes dry November 1st this year and Alaska on next New Year's day. The prohibition states are: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia.

There remain in the wet column twenty-one states. Of these the following have sessions of their legislatures in 1919: California, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Texas, Wisconsin and Wyoming. It is from among these that the prohibition advocates expect to get the nine necessary to ratify the constitutional amendment. But the following states have annual legislative sessions: Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Mexico and New York, while the legislatures of Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Ohio will not meet until 1920.

Of these dry states it is almost certain the prohibitionists cannot carry for various obvious reasons: California, Connecticut, Illinois, Massachusetts, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas. Of course if the dry wave doesn't recede, any state or states may be carried, but if the Virginia revolt is symptomatic, there will be no chance to convert such "wet" states as Kentucky, Louisiana and Maryland, and there will be more than a fighting chance for the wets in all the other states. It is going to be a hard drain and strain upon the brewers to keep up the fight along this battle line, but possibly the food bill ban on distilling for the period of the war, may relieve the pressure upon the brewers. It may be so easy to make the ban on booze permanent that the country will consent to tolerate beers and light wines. The Reed bone-dry provision in the post-office bill will meanwhile continue to make prohibition "virtue" odious, and the resentment against the Anti-Saloon League in politics will intensify, as it must, against such a tyranny so well and so mysteriously financed.

The nation-wide prohibitionists will have to get in their work, if at all, within six years, and the opposition will the more powerfully concentrate for the limitation on time, provided the house passes the resolution. It may do so, probably will; but it is in no hurry to do so. The senate largely feels that it went off half-cocked as it were. The Virginia primary will help to hold up the resolution in the house for some time. All is not yet lost for the wets; but they will have to do a lot of hard work and the first thing they will have to do is to clean up the saloon business, quit protecting the "fences" and "dives" and places with gambling and prostitute attachments.



#### *Funny Ferguson of Texas*

GOVERNOR FERGUSON of Texas is to be subjected to impeachment proceedings. His case reminds one of that of Sulzer of New York though he does not appear to be, like Sulzer, the victim of an attempt to play crooked politics in order to accomplish straight purposes. Tammany would never have fired Sulzer for what it did fire him for had it not been that, once elected, Sulzer intended going straight. Ferguson appears to have been the victim of megalomania. He went into office as a farmers' champion. He was wealthy and financed his own campaign with the exception of what was contributed, without his direct

knowledge, by the brewers. The idea got into his head that Texas was spending too much money on the higher education and not enough on the common schools. Not a bad idea, either; but he did not know how to work it out. He thought the way to do it was to run the state university as if it was his own property, dictating to the president, removing members of the faculty who didn't agree with him and finally vetoing the appropriation for the institution. He didn't know how to veto the bill properly and the university gets the money anyhow, although the money is no good to a university disorganized and shot to pieces by executive opposition. Ferguson got to thinking that he could handle state money as he wished, without much accounting. He placed the funds with banks that loaned him money, and when the banks called him he went out and borrowed money—from whom he won't tell. He was going to make himself United States senator and he was going to do big things for the speaker of the house. Opposition he would not tolerate and soon he acquired a choice collection of enemies, who have now forced him to trial under impeachment proceedings. I don't know how crooked he was, if at all; but it seems to me that he would not be in his present plight if he had been more of a practical politician. He tried to lull things through, which he would not have done if he had come up in politics through places like constable, sheriff, mayor, etc. He jumped into politics at the top and, succeeding temporarily, thought he could get along without compromise or conciliation. He has found out that he cannot. He has a disorderly mind. He thought he could help Texas farmers by making the state a partner in their crop-raising. He couldn't. Other things helped the Texas farmer, among them, the war. Ferguson wanted to upset the line of succession to the senatorship, but couldn't break through, and evidently he wanted a little "honest graft" like getting personal financial accommodation for the banks' use of the state's funds. Also, possibly, he was playing in with elements he pretended to oppose, for when he was called on his overdrafts, he went out and raised \$150,000 in no time from a source he will not disclose. Surely he didn't get it from his friends the farmers. Could he have got it from the hated railroads or the even more hated brewers? That's what the Texas legislature is trying to find out. Ferguson has been clumsy in his work. There are fellows out for his scalp who, of a surety, are no honestest than himself. He has arrayed against himself the intelligence of the state, because of his fight against the university. Such followers as he had now see him as a boob. In short, Ferguson, whatever else he has done or has not done, has made an ass of himself. He may be honest enough; but honesty is not enough. A governor of a state like Texas should have some gumption. Ferguson has none.



#### *Lichnowsky's Apologia*

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY, at the outbreak of the war, was the German ambassador in London, and a very popular ambassador too. When he was handed his passports he is said to have remarked to a friend that this was the political end for him. It has been generally supposed that Germany would not have started the war if Lichnowsky had reported things aright to Wilhelmstrasse. That is to say, it has been believed that Lichnowsky said that the time had come for Germany to strike because Great Britain had her hands full with possible civil war in Ireland, incipient revolution in India, great proletarian unrest and social disorganization at home because of the militant suffragists and the drastic radicalism of Lloyd-George. Moreover, Great Britain had refused to heed the cry "Prepare!!" as voiced by Lord Northcliffe, Lord Roberts, Lord Charles Beresford, Robert Blatchford and others who saw the German menace. It was thought that Great Britain could not take the chance of supporting Belgium and France and Lichnowsky is believed to have been one who thought so.

We have heard nothing of Lichnowsky since he embarked at Falmouth, that "fine town with ships



upon the bay," until the appearance recently of an article by him in the *Berlin Tageblatt*. He writes about ambassadors and diplomacy generally. In the light of what is generally believed about his part in bringing on the war he says some things that sound like exculpation of himself. "Not all diplomatists of Germany are incapable and certainly they are not worse, upon the whole, than the diplomatists of other countries, and," he says, "I believe that the most striking mistakes that have been made in personal appointments were to be attributed more to bureaucratic than to court influences." A more poignant passage is this: "People often confuse diplomacy, in the sense of foreign policy, with the foreign personnel. A diplomatist is only an organ and a representative. He can only report and hand in his observations. He can advise and he can warn. If he is not listened to, and his opinion is despised, he is powerless, and it is unjust to make him responsible for events which he accurately predicted and foresaw. But even if he is mistaken—and that is said to have happened at the decisive moment—the blame does not attach so much to him as to those who left in an important post a personage about whose insufficiency there had long been no doubt in anybody's mind." Then the prince grows sarcastic, as witness this: "Incapable ambassadors certainly have their advantages. They are convenient. They report only in the sense in which reports are pleasant to read; they never have an opinion of their own, and, above all, people see in them no danger. Consequently, they are quite peculiarly appreciated, and rightly so!" Then again he says with a trace of bitterness: "A capable and qualified representative can be extraordinarily useful, provided that he succeeds in gaining the confidence of authoritative circles in the country to which he is accredited, and in winning sympathies. But he must have the support of his government. If his efforts are counteracted for different motives, his activity is worthless, and he is nothing more than a distinguished private man who gives dinners for the glory of the empire." It is impossible in reading those sentences not to feel that the prince tells the world as plainly as he can without getting himself in trouble, that it was not upon his information that the war was ordered begun. He seems to say that what he did report did not get by the bureaucracy to the all-highest authority, and that his advice was deliberately ignored. He was a terribly dejected man when he left London for home, with Redmond pledging Irish loyalty in the commons and the Indian rajahs offering their swords and treasures in the defense of the empire Germany supposed them ready to destroy and even the suffragettes declaring a truce for the period of the war. His *Tageblatt* article looks like a strong indictment of von Bethmann-Holweg and von Jagow and others who were going to hack their way through to "world power or downfall."



#### *Saving the Unfit*

GRADUALLY the movement for the saving of the men rejected in the draft is gathering strength. The unfit can be made fit at no great cost, considering the benefit. Think of the thousands who with a little attention can be put in good physical condition by attention now to their ailments of sight and hearing, to the presence of adenoids, to the dental defects, saying nothing of what may be done to check the progress of tuberculosis, cancer, venereal diseases! There is nothing better established than the fact that if the ailments or deficiencies for which most rejections were made by drafting boards could now be taken in hand, the result would be not only an improvement in the health but in the intelligence and moral character of the rejects. The young men can not only be made fit for the army on some possible future call, but they can be fitted for better service of all kinds, for better citizens. They can be made better possible fathers of the citizens to be. It seems to me that the physicians and other members of the drafting boards should get into the movement to conserve and preserve the rejects. They should organize and present the subject to congress with the full force and effect of their tabulated observations.

The showing they could make would be irresistible. This man-conservation movement confronts no obstacle now but popular apathy and a lack of doctors. Some doctors could be "drafted" without much coercion for such work—doctors that cannot for one reason or another go into the army service. In the overwhelming majority of cases the ailments or defects of the rejects call for no very extended or prolonged treatment. Many of them would need little more than a careful looking over, the prescription of a diet and plenty of fresh air. In these days the cost of the camps would not affright anybody. Our units of counting are billions. After the war we could use the present various cantonnements as conservation hospitals and keep in service the physicians and surgeons now officiating there. There will be thousands of medical men who will not want to go back to civilian practice after their army experience, and would be glad to engage in this conservation movement. It is to be understood of course that the project as outlined involves an annual or at the least a biennial physical examination of the population of military age, so that there should never be in the country any considerable number of curable unfit persons. While we are putting billions into preparations for destruction and death, a billion at the least for such construction of man-power in the best sense would be no expenditure to give us pause. There never was such an opening for the institution of an adequate programme and system of prophylaxis. If nothing more than that came out of our entrance into the war, the cost of the adventure would not be too high, for this would surely save many more even than the war will destroy. The medical profession, the army, the navy, educators, clergymen, all the social reformers should get behind this movement and force it upon the President and congress. There may be some opposition to it by Christian Scientists, chiropractors, osteopaths and other more or less metaphysical medicators, but even they cannot oppose such state medicine as would mostly be called for in the scheme proposed. It seems to me that if we once got this project to working we would soon approach the time forecast by Col. Bob Ingersoll when in reply to a query as to what he would do if he were God, said, "I'd make health catching instead of disease."



#### *The Scope of Reclamation*

DR. JOHN H. QUAYLE, of Cleveland, advocates these reclamation camps. An interview with him appeared in last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch*. He summons all forward-looking men to the support of Senator Pomerene's bill to provide such camps near all the big cities. The four out of five who are found unfit under old regular army standards, can be reclaimed. Says Dr. Quayle: "There is no reason under the sun why ninety per cent of these men should not be saved for their country's service. If a man is too fat, train him down. If he's too thin, build him up. If he has weak eyes, strengthen them; not by giving him glasses, but by reclaiming his nerves—optic nerve and muscles of accommodation. If his heart valves murmur, some myocardial muscles will offset the defect. This is the best time in man's life, the time when nature does everything she can for him. In nine cases out of ten there will be nothing very wrong with men of this age except their bad habits; give them some good ones instead and they ought to get in shape from one to six months. And surely, if the government has a right to send a man to war, it has a right to insist on saving his life." Dr. Quayle then tells how Germany has kept her people fit not alone for war but for peace as well. He points out how fine would be the results of treatment in those reclamation camps, when physicians knew their prescribed cures would be followed, when the patient's resources would not limit the treatment. The rejects would rush to the camps, to be relieved of the stigma of unfitness. He thinks possibly ninety and surely seventy-five per cent of the rejects can be reclaimed. "All cases of venereal diseases are practically curable. About eight per cent of the rejected men have been rejected for

heart disease. Nine out of ten of these cases are due to alcohol and tobacco. The valvular leak cannot be mended, to be sure, but, with proper setting-up exercises, heart muscles can be developed which will practically compensate for the leaks in question. Most cases of imperfect sight are due to nervous disorder. Building up the nervous system will, in a very large percentage of cases, restore the patient to normal vision. In the confined life of the office or factory, many a man cannot see without his glasses, only to find that he can dispense with them after a few weeks in the open air. Most cases of defective sight and hearing should yield to treatment in the reclamation camps. Practically all cases of the feet can be corrected by exercise and only the worst cases need plaster casts. All cases of alcoholism can be cured, if the patient is under strict discipline. All the cases of hernia; all the cases of varicose veins; all the cases of varicocele; all the cases of hemorrhoids could be operated on and cured in one month. In fact, almost all of the diseases which afflict men between the ages of 21 and 31 are unnecessary and could be cured within a few months, and instead of between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 men available from the 11,000,000 who registered, Uncle Sam should be able to draw 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 competent soldiers." What is good for war, in this particular matter, is good for peace. The work can be easily carried over into peace conditions. I would like to see Sam Lazarus of St. Louis at the head of an organization to support the proposal of Dr. Quayle and Senator Pomerene.



#### *Some Nasty Gotham Politics*

NEW YORK'S mayoralty campaign grows interesting. When Tammany put its man Judge Hylan in the field, along came three or four men and filed for William Randolph Hearst as a candidate. What this latter means no one knows but Hearst and he is in California and won't tell. Hearst is opposed to Mitchel; that is, the Hearst papers are. They are also strongly tinct with pro-Germanism or at least anti-Wilsonism. Some New York politicians think it possible that Hylan is put forward as a blind and that Tammany really wants Hearst. Charles F. Murphy says he will be for Hearst if Hearst can win the nomination, but other good Tammany men say Hearst shouldn't, can't and won't carry a precinct. Hearst has done all the heavy fighting against Mitchel, but he ran for mayor once and was heavily beaten, as he was for governor, and it may be that the filing of his name is only a feeler. If the prospect isn't good, the name can be withdrawn very easily.

Even as Hearst's vicarious candidacy is sprung comes another move in the game—the indictment by the grand jury of former State Senator William H. Reynolds for perjury. Reynolds is an intimate friend of Mayor Mitchel. Certain foes of the mayor have insinuated that Reynolds profited by the friendship in selling certain land to the city. A parcel of land at Rockaway was wanted for a park. Reynolds appeared as an expert as to the property's value in the condemnation proceedings and swore he had no interest in the property. This was in 1912. The property was owned by the Neponsit Realty company. Reynolds appraised the land, 248 acres, at \$8,000 an acre; the city's experts at between \$2,000 and \$3,000 an acre; the city finally paid \$5,032 an acre. Some of the land had been bought shortly before at \$3,000 an acre, and twenty-seven acres of it at \$200 an acre. On June 12th, 1913, as a cancelled cheque held by the state shows, Frank Bailey, president of the Guarantee Title Trust company, paid Reynolds \$43,021 for a one-fifth interest in the Neponsit Realty company, in which, one year before, Reynolds had sworn he had no interest. Here is the basis of the charge of perjury. Reynolds is said to claim that he sold his Neponsit interest before the condemnation proceedings. The public interest in the case lies almost wholly in Reynolds' supposed intimacy with Mayor Mitchel. The mayor has admitted that Reynolds is a friend of his, but he points out that the condemnation proceedings were held under the administration of Mayor Gaynor. He says that the



indictment does not touch upon the fairness of the price paid for the land; that price was fixed by three duly appointed commissioners. The politicians who do not like Mitchel will make much of the incident. Reynolds complains that he was not summoned before the grand jury and says he would have waived immunity. Looks like juicy stuff for Mr. Hearst's papers at this stage of the campaign, though there is no evidence that Mr. Mitchel had anything to do with the transaction. He has denounced one story that Reynolds gave him a house and lot for some favor. The mayor has no house and lot. He lives in a flat away uptown. The story as it is supposed to bear upon the mayor does not consist with his character. New Yorkers are wondering if Hearst got the Bailey cheque as he got the letters from John D. Archbold's safe showing how Standard Oil fed out money to politicians and editors; bought them from a burglar or a traitor employee. It is all rather nasty stuff, but everybody expects nasty stuff in a New York mayoralty campaign. It is anything to beat Mitchel with the opposition. If the indictment of Reynolds seems to catch on with the public, Mr. Hearst may get the Tammany vote over Hylan, but it doesn't seem possible to beat Mitchel at this stage of the campaign.

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#### Der Tag

OUR own Missouri secretary of state Mr. John L. Sullivan appears to have handed a company composed of some supposititious friends of his a nice contract to supply the automobile tags for next year, and this without the formality of asking for bids for the supply. The official says that the man who preceded him in office didn't call for bids for this year's supply of auto tags but the predecessor, Mr. Cornelius Roach, now head of the state tax commission, denies the soft impeachment and says the records ought to be in the office to substantiate his statement. The man who has been furnishing the tags tells a pretty story of how he was fobbed off from getting in a bid this year. The prices went up markedly for this year's supply and the company that got the contract seems to have been organized with the contract as an asset before it was closed. Evidently the New Guard at Jefferson City has nothing to learn from the Old Guard in the matter of placing contracts where they will do the most good and the taxpayer.

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#### Sir Jimmy

KING GEORGE has bestowed upon Mr. James W. Gerard, former United States ambassador to Germany, the order of Knight of the Collar of the Bath, for his services in ameliorating the condition of English prisoners in Germany. Mr. Gerard's jocose fellow-countrymen are calling him "Sir James" and serious politicians are discussing whether the "Sir" will not be an insurmountable handicap on him in American politics. The Royal College of Heraldry or some such British institution tells us however that the "Sir" doesn't go with the order, at least not until the recipient has received the royal accolade. Mr. Gerard hasn't been within striking distance of the king to be accoladed. He's busy publishing his book "My Four Years in Germany." So he isn't a "Sir." Which reminds me of what Max Beerholm said after the announcement of the bestowal of a baronetcy upon Beerholm Tree, but before the king had actually conveyed it to the actor. Someone said, "Well, Tree is a baronet, is he?" To which Max replied in the language of the stage concerning the deceived female, "He may not be legally, but he is in the eyes of God." So it may be with "Jimmy" Gerard, whose honor, it must be confessed, makes him seem to Americans a bit ridiculous.

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#### Better Movie Music

A THING they have in New York that I am told we are soon to have here is the movie with a high-class orchestra rendering classical selections. There are two in Gotham, the Strand and the Rialto. The orchestras are of forty pieces. In a Cleveland movie house there is a fine orchestra of thirty pieces. It is

said that negotiations are on now for the leasing of the Odeon. The price of admission will be fifty cents. One of our best musicians and writers on music is under contract to lead the orchestra of at least 30 members, the best players who can be got together.

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#### To Exempt Rent from Taxes

WELL, of all the nerve! A special committee of the Advisory Council of Real Estate Interests in New York is going to try to make congress change the revenue bill so as to exempt all money received from rents or profits arising from rents, from the provisions of the war-profits tax. The committee has already secured the exemption of all mortgages and mortgage indebtedness in conveyances. It says there are no war-profits in rent or in real estate. If rents are to be taxed now corporations or those having had subnormal profits before the war would be so heavily taxed as to suffer injustice. There are all kinds of profits, war profits and peace profits, too, in rents. The tendency of not alone profits but production to go into rent is well known. Rent is an "overhead" on everybody all the time. The landlord "gets his" in bad times as well as good. Rent is a rake-off on labor and food and raiment. Rent is money taken by individuals that ought to be taken by the community. The one thing that ought to be taxed is rent, because it does not in justice belong to the man who gets it. It belongs to everybody and should go into the public treasury to relieve the public of other taxation. The move to exempt rent from taxation is a daring one at a time when there is such a strong movement for the conscription of rental value upon all land and especially unused land, to increase production and swell revenue. The New York real estate men are bold in proposing such a movement at a time when New York borrowers are agitating for a moratorium on all mortgages. It would be a fine thing to exempt the rents of the Astors and the dozen other landlords who own the greater part of the land value of New York. Rent is the part of income that ought to be taxed, because it is the part of income that the recipient does not earn by his own exertions. If rent is not to be taxed we shall raise little taxes. Most of the big fortunes are rent. The advisory committee, as aforesaid, realizes something of the nature of rent, for it would not exempt from taxation leasing corporations whose business is that of mines, mining or the production of oil. That shows a recognition, to an extent, of the public ownership of natural resources; but all rent in so far as it is land rent is paid to someone in control of a natural resource—the land. I suppose all the real estate exchanges of all the cities will join in the cry for rent exemption. Very well; they will set more people to thinking of another cry growing stronger these days: "Exempt everything but rental value of land!"

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#### What Happened to Raemaekers

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS' cartoons in Holland against Germany were worth an army corps to the Allies. They helped mightily in turning public opinion in all neutral countries against Germany. They had a sort of righteous savagery. They were eloquent and passionate. They were great. Then the Dutch artist came to this country and Hearst engaged him to draw for the Hearst papers. His first work had the old force and fire, but his later work has fallen off. It lacks what we call "pep." It is common talk that Raemaekers doesn't get the spirit into his work that used to be there. No wonder. The Dutchman is anti-German and he is drawing for a pro-German string of newspapers. But there's more than that to it. In New York there is a rumor in newspaper circles that Raemaekers' drawings are edited by the Hearst papers. Captions over the drawings have been so changed as to kill the meaning of the pictures. Cartoons on the Pope's peace proposals have been suppressed, possibly because of a desire to spare the feelings of Catholics. One of the unprinted cartoons shows the Pope holding out peace terms

labelled, "Made in Germany." Another presents Germany as a monster that has just slain a child. The mother is France, burning for revenge. The Pope kneels between them saying, "I cannot take sides." Christ is seen coming up behind France, saying: "I can." These may be regarded as disedifying to the Pope's followers, but in the case of a printed cartoon the name of a French admiral was substituted for that of John Bull to identify a figure receiving the American expedition. It was said a few days since that Raemaekers had thrown up his contract with Hearst for the reason of such interference with his artistic ideas, or rather the mutilation of them. That he quit work is denied. Things have not gone that far. He submits, but for a peculiar reason as stated in last Sunday's New York *Tribune*: "His view of the situation, according to friends, is that it is more important to get anti-Germanism into the Hearst papers than into pro-Ally papers, on the principle of the old French proverb which says, 'It is useless to kick in an open door.'" However much truth there may be in the gossip of New York newspaperdom, it is a fact that Raemaekers' work has suffered some blight or paralysis. It may be Hearst or it may be something else, but the presumption is in favor of the former, for Hearst is nothing if not a blighter.

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#### The Race Issue Again

THE race problem in this country is a heart-breaking one. First we have negroes murdered in East St. Louis, Ill., then we have whites murdered by negro soldiers in Houston, Texas, both outbreaks marked by atrocious brutalities to the wounded and mutilation of the dead. Clearly the government must not send colored troops into southern communities where the prejudice against the blacks rankles. At least only Southern negroes should be encamped there. They understand the conditions and behave circumspectly, but negroes from the north assume airs that are an incitement to violent resentment. All rioters and murderers, black and white, must be punished. East St. Louis has indicted her whites. The army authorities will doubtless punish the black soldier murderers. But the punishment of the criminals in and out of uniform will not help to solve the race issue. It is doubtful if any one thing will or can. The prejudice is an unreasoning thing, and reason can hardly deal with it. Northern sentimentalists who dabble in the matter mean well, but do more harm than good. Some of us have an economic theory to account for the prejudice and hope to solve the problem by an economic remedy that will make work so plentiful that the white man will not be in fear that the black man will take his job. There is some economic basis for the problem, but it roots deeper than that: there is an antipathy between the races that exists before economic conflict begins. The white man will not accept the black man as an equal. The negro is held an inferior—even by his most professing friends. The south resents the action of the industrial north in luring negroes to that section to make up for the lack of workmen occasioned by the war—the increased activity in manufacture, the stoppage of immigration from eastern Europe, the draft. Good wages are offered. The lure is not to be resisted. When the negro goes north the white labor consolidates against him. The negroes are employed in the place of strikers. Drink comes into play and riot and murder follow. Negro soldiers in the south in a clash with the police, remembering stories of lynchings and burnings, shoot down everyone in sight in a panic of hate and fear. The whole south in turn has a touch of like panic, a dread of something like a servile insurrection such as was planned by John Brown. And the race problem seems likely seriously to impede the mobilization of the army. What is to be done? Enforce the law, says someone. Law enforcement in regard to the negro problem will cause matters to become worse. The law-enforcers don't know the ineradicable feeling of the south against negro equality. The south might accept political equality but it says the negro will move from that to a demand for social equality and that is "un-



thinkable." So economic equality tends in theory at least to social equality. That the south will resent with fire and sword. Yet the south will lynch labor agents who go down there to employ negro workers for the north. The situation is paradoxical and tragical.



#### A Plea From the South

ONE of the best articles on this race problem that I have seen is from the pen of Col. William G. Sterrett, a famous Washington correspondent, in the Dallas News. He considers how the south can keep its black labor as against the allurements of the north. The law says the negro may go where he will and to any work and that law will be upheld. "Therefore," says Col. Sterrett, "if the south is to hold its negro labor, it must offer as good a price in money, in comfort and in fair dealing as the north can offer. And it is not meant by this that one of the prices the south will have to pay is miscegenation and social equality, for the north does not offer this, and never did offer it, and no negro of common sense aspires to it or expects it in either section. But the south, in its towns where negro labor is employed, must be as diligent and fair in preserving sanitary conditions among the negroes as it is among the whites. In the south the negro must have as fair a deal in the courts and before the law as the white man. In the south he must receive as fair wages for his work as the white man. If the south does not see that he gets these things he will go to the north, where he is promised them, at least." The negro has not had a fair deal; he has not been treated as the white man is treated. The negro's improvidence, guillibility, vanity, are played upon, but the race is loyal, hardy, industrious and prefers the south and its people over all other places and people, and is loath to leave. On this the south has presumed, but now the south must meet the offers of the north. Col. Sterrett goes on: "In our towns the negro must have all the advantages in public utilities and in sanitation that we whites have. It is our protection that he should have them, even if we leave a square deal and our need of his labor to one side. He must be given the same chances in the courts that we are given. The officers must cease to run over our poker games to arrest him in his crap game." The swindlers who prey upon him must be suppressed. The wages offered him to work on the Pennsylvania railroad are not so seductive, being \$1.90 a day of ten hours, but he is assured of good and sanitary quarters at a cost, with board, of \$3 a week. In Dallas he gets that high a wage, but if he rents his house he is only able to secure a shack without sewerage and water, in most cases. Northern capital needing him will study him, try to please and finally keep him when he has been drawn north by promise of better conditions. The south can keep him by doing the fair thing by him.

All this is a presentation of the remedy of economic justice in its cruder forms. But much as I esteem Col. Sterrett, I cannot see how his object is to be attained. He conceives the negro as an inferior and that status renders economic justice impossible. Justice would operate to destroy the status of in-

(Continued on page 557)



## Kultur and American Catholicism

By Margaret B. Downing

RECENTLY it was announced that the secretary of the navy would accept the offer of Bishop Shahan of the Catholic University and take over Gibbons hall for the use of some young men who desire laboratory training in order to fill special assignments. About one hundred and fifty students will be placed under a staff composed entirely of naval officers, and the handsome Tudor Gothic hall, erected by admirers of Cardinal Gibbons to celebrate his fiftieth sacerdotal anniversary, will become a sort of auxiliary war college to expedite the training of the officers needed so urgently in the war against Germany. Evidence of poetic justice in this

seemingly routine item of martial activities lies in the fact that just twenty years ago Cardinal Gibbons and the rector, Bishop Shahan, then a professor of church history, together with several other eminent members of the American hierarchy detected and destroyed one of the most sinister conspiracies which the Prussian government ever attempted against this country. This story, known in church annals as the Schroeder conspiracy, supplemental to that of Cahensly, is unique as well as illuminating in this particular juncture. Pope Benedict's peace proposals are proving a trifle embarrassing to the Catholic laity and it is good to recall the dignity and courage with which Catholic prelates coped with a danger which threatened their national integrity and that of the seat of learning established by Pope Leo, principally for the higher education of the clergy. Many of these grand old shepherds still wield their crook and as militantly as in October, 1897, when they tried Mgr. Joseph Schroeder in the great hall of the university and under canonical rules dismissed him as an enemy of the country and an archconspirator against the institution which he ostensibly served. Incidentally, Schroeder directed his enmity against a group of young professors, chief among whom was Bishop Shahan; he had preferred grave charges against him in Rome, which but for the unmasking of the Kultur plot would perhaps have destroyed a worthy and successful career.

Mgr. Joseph Schroeder, proven to have been an agent of the German government, came to this country in 1889 and became professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Catholic University of America, which had just opened its doors. His real mission however was not the innocent one of teaching dogma, but of centralizing German Catholics under German pastors and keeping alive their allegiance to the Fatherland. He was a powerful pulpit orator, a subtle controversialist, and possessed a strong and compelling character. He went from one end of the country to the other addressing German audiences, and in five years he had attained first rank among the leaders of the German party, so-called to distinguish it from the American wing of the Catholic church. There is no doubt that Schroeder secured financial aid and moral support from certain worthy prelates of German blood through the clever appeal of promoting the best interests of the church. What was a huge political plot he concealed under the guise of zeal for the faith. Only German Catholics, he maintained, had the pure undefiled doctrine, and only through them could the materialistic, half Protestant members of the church be brought around; so it behooved all German pastors to keep their flock aloof from contamination, to encourage them to speak only their language and to cling to the traditions and ideals of the Fatherland. Thus in time would this saving remnant rescue the whole. He had the German press, religious and undenominational, solidly at his back. Arthur Preuss of St. Louis was a prominent supporter of the movement, and his Review its organ. Die Amerika, St. Louis' Catholic German daily, was also helpful. The late Father Phelan thundered against them in his paper, The Sunday Watchman.

Some archbishops not of German blood, as for instance the late Archbishop Corrigan of New York, or, as a cynic said, of Tammany, incensed at the open sympathy shown by Irish and American priests for Dr. McGlynn—suspended by Corrigan for supporting the single tax but finally reinstated by the Pope—gave unqualified support. Others of Teuton origin, as the late Katzer of Milwaukee and Horstmann of Cleveland, looked upon Schroeder as the Israelites of old on the prophets who had come to warn them of destruction.

Francis, later Cardinal, Satolli was delegate Apostolic when the German found the time ripe to strike his master blow, that is, to take over the control of the Catholic University. He had already split the faculty into two factions, bitterly arrayed against each other: those misled by his representations of zeal and devotion to the old faith and those who were

wise enough to recognize the cloven foot. He was naturally the leader of one faction, and his opponent was that scholarly Belgian, former professor at Louvain, Dr. Thomas Bouquillon. Several public controversies between the rival leaders had already called attention to the division in the teaching body, and the rector, then Bishop John Keane, now the retired Archbishop of Dubuque, struggled in vain against the fission. This prelate was of singularly gentle character, pious and of conciliatory temperament. He had accomplished marvels in securing endowments for the new school and seemingly had the support of Mgr. Satolli, whom he had befriended in the stormy years when the American hierarchy refused to recognize his authority. But Satolli reversed Keane's policy and espoused the German cause, and on his recommendation Leo XIII wrote Bishop Keane a personal letter asking his resignation. The reason assigned was the papal policy of rotation in office. The true cause was that Schroeder had gone to Rome with a monstrous petition, which Satolli had endorsed, asking the rector's removal because he permitted the teaching of heretical doctrines and was a tool in the hands of certain ambitious professors, naming among them Bishop Shahan, and that Keane's continuance in office would create a schism in the American church since the pious, loyal Germans could not follow such intellectual leadership. The papal letter reached Bishop Keane in October, 1896, on the eve of the opening of the university for the autumn term. It was followed by the most violent agitation the American church has known, one that nearly resembled the schism which Schroeder had threatened, but of a different complexion.

Keane resigned and went into retirement. Endowments promised him were withdrawn. The secular press took up the matter and threshed it out from every standpoint. The German press, religious and secular, shrieked with denunciations of the liberal wing of the Catholic church, the American prelates and their sympathizers, and not content with Keane's removal called for a reconstruction of the faculty and the dismissal of Keane's friends. But the Roman authorities, alarmed at the outburst, caused all charges against these professors to be ignored, and Bishop Keane was asked to come to Rome and serve on one of the congregations. Meanwhile an inquiry was begun into Schroeder's activities and the hierarchy was assured that the whole matter would be investigated and justice done to all.

But Roman procedure is proverbially slow and the archbishops and bishops were not content to rest quiet under the German's charges against the church in the national sense. They began to collect evidence. It was an easy task, for the Prussian agent was exceedingly bold; on every side was proof that he was trying to create a state within a state, to segregate Germans into civic bodies hostile to the aspirations and ideals of their adopted country. The charges were of a personal character which weighed heavily when the trial was staged, as they were not compatible with the conduct of a priest in this country and certainly not to be permitted in one teaching in a theological school. Exactly one year after Bishop Keane's humiliation in October, 1897, Mgr. Schroeder was called before the board of trustees to answer the charges preferred against him. He had known of the impending trial and had secured the services of Bishop Horstmann as his advocate. His foes were numerous and powerful on that board and his friends limited and supporting an unpopular side, so he had taken other precautions. The case was manifestly going against him when Mgr. Martinelli, who had succeeded Satolli as papal delegate, asked to appear before the board to deliver a message from the Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla. This message was a cablegram that the Holy Father desired no definite action taken against Schroeder, because a letter bearing on the subject had just been mailed from Rome. For a moment it looked like victory for the German. Then up rose Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, who suavely told the delegate that such

a grave and important deliberation as was in progress could not be interrupted by a cablegram, that prelates in conference such as they were holding could not accept a cablegram as an official document because all such communications should be written and signed with the great seal of the secretariate. He then begged his colleagues to dismiss all thought of Rampolla's message and to continue their work. Mgr. Martinelli retired in high dudgeon, but later he acknowledged that Ireland was quite within his rights to make the point which resulted in exterminating German propaganda so far as its activities concerned the Catholic church in the United States. Schroeder was found guilty on the three charges preferred against him and dismissed from his chair, the sole instance of such severity in the history of the American University. He went to Berlin for reward and not to Rome, a proof that he had served Berlin and deceived the Roman Curia. He was at once given a chair in the University of Muenster in the Prussian province of Westphalia, which he held until his death, about five years later. The men whom he assailed were honored by the Holy See; Bishop Shahan, in a special manner, since, fifteen years after Schroeder's sensational charges, he was elevated to the supreme office in the institution which the German had striven to denationalize. There is now no German question in the university or in the American church generally. The last German question was squelched when the German charges of "modernism" against Archbishop Ireland and others were quashed. They were the last expiring kick of Cahensleyism, which was a German affectation of a Catholicism more Catholic than that of the Pope. A German priest of Cincinnati collected the funds to endow a chair of Germanics in the Washington establishment and it is held at present by a brilliant young professor, a graduate of Bonn, and a native of the Rhine country.

Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Shahan no doubt appreciate the satire which time has written in establishing a naval school to assist in defeating Germany in the very spot where Prussia hatched one of her most dangerous anti-American plots. Then Shahan is of Louvain and beneath a photograph of his Alma Mater, now a heap of ruins, hangs the framed correspondence between President Wilson and himself, offering the entire plant which he directs, buildings, equipment, the professorial and student body to assist in laying low the power that sacked Louvain.

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## A New-World Ruin

By Elizabeth R. Hunt

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

A CHURCH, low browed,  
And hardly fifty feet from end to end.  
But nothing like a chapel or a Yankee meetinghouse.  
No! Ecclesiastic to its final stone  
And smallest bit of leaded glass.  
The altar, set punctiliously toward the east,  
Backed by a window, triple arched,  
And high as the brooding branching roof allowed.  
Above the western entrance,  
Quite cathedral-wise,  
What but a rose window  
Broad as outstretched arms could span!  
Over all a tower  
With one small bell of consecrated tone  
Never to be mistaken for a secular ding-dong.  
At sides and back  
A close with lawns and shrubbery,  
And round about  
A thriving, growing, overgrowing town.

For many years,  
On many Sundays and Saints' days,  
The doors stood open to a throng

(In that small space a small assembly made a throng)  
Of men, tall-batted and black-coated,  
Gloves and prayer books in their hands,  
And women, decorously bonneted,  
(Never a hat in church!)  
Leading little girls in spreading skirts  
And boys in wide white collars.

No congregation in Westminster or St. Paul's  
Was ever known to genuflect more deeply,  
Or more promptly overlap the priest  
In their responses.  
Almsbag never zigzagged up and down an aisle  
More cheerfully.

AS IT IS NOW

Long ago forsaken  
By its last devoted lingering worshippers,  
And fallen by degrees  
To the uses of a warehouse,  
This bit of churchly architecture  
Now is fairly over-ridden  
By an elevated road.  
No tranquil, old-world, ivy-grown decay  
Has been its fate,  
But harshest new-world desecration and abandonment.

The jarring, grinding, squeaking trains go by  
Just on a level with its lowly brooding roof.  
Crowding close about are factories,  
Tenement backs  
And jangling surface lines.  
Play bills and flaring posters are the vines  
That climb upon its crumbling blackened walls.  
Each day some new discordant noise  
Is added to the deafening din  
That drowns the very memory of that chant—  
It swelled a thousand times  
From out those windows now so broken and begrimed—

"As it was in the beginning,  
Is now,  
And ever shall be—"

The sight of monastery buildings falling to decay  
In England  
Used to cost the inevitable shilling.  
But this young American antiquity  
In the violent contrast of its setting  
May be viewed "free gratis"  
By every passenger  
In the overloaded trains  
Forever rattling by.

I wonder  
Whether those who catch their fleeting glimpses  
Regularly twice a day  
Ever get impressions  
That are deep enough  
To last.  
Does the little ruin seem to them  
The symbol of a faith  
Quite outworn and discarded?  
Do they ever for a moment speculate  
About the children and grandchildren  
Of the founders—  
How many of them are good churchmen still?  
How many meet on Sunday in some hall or theatre  
To hold high converse  
On Reform or Science or New Schools of Art?  
And how many,  
Having given over all observance,  
Make a general holiday?

I wonder  
Does anyone  
With an imagination that can work  
In spite of crowds and crazy speed,  
Ever have a flying vision  
Of this church,  
In its noisome over-populated neighborhood,  
With doors wide open, day and night,  
In the old-time old-world way,  
To shelter fugitives and criminals,

Because there sometimes might,  
In even these enlightened days,  
Be need of sanctuary  
For the bewildered and oppressed?

All I know  
Is this:  
One night, in the usual rush-hour jam,  
I heard a straphanger say  
To the man who hung beside him,  
"Queer kind of warehouse, that.  
Seems to be just about crowded off the earth.  
Must be nearly ready for the wrecker."  
And the man replied,  
As he shifted to his other foot,  
"That's the way I feel—  
Crowded off the earth,  
And ready for the Wrecker."

♦♦♦♦

## The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXIV. THE SILVER BOOK AND THE GOLDEN RULE

TO find a genuine Goth, scratch an original Missourian, or Kentuckian, or Down East Yankee. I once fraternized in a few minutes with a Yankee in Maine who was grubbing up bushes close enough to a country road for conversational purposes. I knew him as a member of the great family to which I belong by two tokens, both unfailing. He was glad to stop work for conversational purposes, out of courtesy to a stranger, and he spoke my native language as only a native can. He spoke it through his nose at times, where with me it never gets above the palate, but regardless of difference between nasals and dentals, we were Goths together. For proof of which it is only necessary to refer to the "Silver Book of Ulphilas," usually called by its more learned name of "The Codex Argenteus of Upsala." Or as aforesaid, for more convincing proof, scratch any original Missourian. But not too deep. A genuine Goth may begin to "see red" at the sight of blood. The results may be studied in Saxo Grammaticus, or in the encyclopedias under the head of "Berserker rage," or in political history generally from the year 1 A. D. to date. One of the most original Missourians I ever knew hated the sight of blood so that he could hardly see his own flow from a scratch without feeling faint and sick. He had so little self-assertion that he made me feel head and shoulders above him when he shook hands with me. A schoolgirl could not have been milder or less disposed to dominate or apparently more disposed to habitual meekness than this Missouri Berserker. He honored me by consulting me on literary and scriptural subjects, some points in which had seemed obscure to him during studies he had carried on in caves of the Ozarks and elsewhere while he had a price on his head sufficiently large to convince many that it might be profitable to help in having him hanged. His name—but as no doubt it is still the best known of all Missouri names, I have no need to violate his confidence in my discretion merely to emphasize the fact that it is not advisable to scratch any original Missourian merely for the sake of experiment or scientific demonstration. For my part, I am never more disposed to feel the re-erudescence of my fourth century traits than when I find my kind of people treated as subjects for the "experimentum in vili corpore." The possible results when they are scratched too deeply merely for experimental purposes seem very plain to me from the Gothic text of the Sermon on the Mount as edited from the "Silver Book" of Upsala both by Massman and Bosworth and Waring. As I study my original native language under these teachers, the fact that as Goths we have lost all the Beatitudes except two seems less impressive to me than the present condition of the Gothic Golden Rule. The first half is lost from the text. It is what the learned



call a "*hiatus valde deflendus*,"—worthy of tears from those who have tears they can afford to shed. We may know from it as original Goths, that something is to be done of such importance that it sums the law and the prophets in its application to those who despitefully use us and persecute us. But when any Goth is scratched too deeply, all he has left of the authority of the Golden Rule in the Silver Book, which now holds all that is left of Gothic Scripture, is "do ye also the same unto them." Still, when the Goths under Alaric completed the overthrow of the Roman empire by the capture of the "Eternal City," it is the boast of their historian that they issued no "Kill and Burn" order. They did not sack it and it is said that they killed only a few hundred of their conquered enemies—not as many perhaps as were killed after the capture of country villages between 1898 and 1917. I have not studied the Vandals deeply enough to make it worth while to listen to anything I might say of them. Although they are first cousins of the family, I hold no brief for Vandals. But when we speak of "Goths and Vandals" as if they were the most savagely destructive conquerors in history, we may need to study the history of Modern Progress in connection with all that is left of the Silver Book of Ulphilas. With or without the first part of the Golden Rule, I would rather take my chances for survival with Alaric himself than with those expert philanthropists who learn enough in a Laboratory of Eugenics to decide my fate after examining under a microscope the single drop of blood they have drawn in scratching me scientifically.

♦♦♦♦

## The Lady from Ah-high-ah

By Augustus Carlton

I WAS out of breath when I reached the ticket window, and so was the dusky porter plodding along behind me with my two heavy bags.

"Sorry, but the parlor car seats are all gone," said the agent. "I can give you a seat in the Pullman."

I took it, cursing my habits of procrastination. My servitor and I just managed to get through the gate to the train before it started.

The Pullman was stuffy and stifling, the two toy electric fans at either end of the car affording no relief. I sought out my seat. It was occupied by a little, worried-looking woman, attempting to quiet a very small infant. I looked around for another seat, but they were all taken up by the week-end impedimenta of that species of human hog who takes not only what is his, but that which no one else forcibly claims.

I retired to the front vestibule to cool off, mentally and physically. I meant to have a row with the conductor—no seat, no ticket.

The porter came through the car. When he arrived within a few feet of where I was standing, a young woman stopped him. Then I saw him remove the bags she had piled on the seat facing the one she occupied, and she smiled at me. It was a warm smile of invitation, but I pretended not to notice. I meant to have that row with the conductor. Then the porter came toward me.

"The lady has made room for you, suh."

She smiled again, so I went and took the seat. I hate to ride sitting backward, and after thanking her rather curtly, I opened my paper and began to read. This affront did not discourage her; she moved about restlessly and uttered innumerable "a-hems." Finally she pretended to become angry, flopped one leg over the other, tapped her foot nervously on the floor, and gazed out of the window. She was not watching the scenery. She was watching my actions, reflected in the glass.

I raised my paper even higher; I was in no mood for a flirtation. I glanced down and caught sight of a shapely silk-stockinged limb. The hosiery itself was pearl grey, but embroidered on it, half way from

the ankle to the knee, were birds of brilliant plumage, vivid reds and blues and greens. The effect was quite striking, but the obvious vulgarity disgusted me. For one thing, I loathe over-decoration, and the aristocratically slender and beautifully rounded limb itself needed no such gaudy artificial aid. Judged from its own slim beauty, it was artistically perfect, but with its rococo embellishments, utterly impossible.

She was evidently a poor, overworked New York sempstress, bound for a two weeks' vacation, her mind made up to create an awful splash at the Bide-a-wee Inn up in the Adirondacks. She was attempting to begin her conquests early, and she had singled me out for the first victim.

"Will you please tell me what time it is?"

I gave up. Such persistence deserved reward. I smiled my best.

"It's just half-past two."

"Thank you so much," she sighed. "It's an awfully long way to Ah-high-ah."

So my conjecture had been wrong. She was not a New York sempstress. Only natives of Ohio pronounce it "Ah-high-ah."

"Yes, it is quite a jaunt," I said.

"Are you going that far?"

"No, I'm only going to Albany."

She was visibly disappointed. "Are you a New Yorker?"

"Part of the time."

"Say," and her eyes lit up. "Now ain't it just the grandest place?"

"Is it?"

She giggled. "You New Yorkers are so blaze." I fancy she meant *blasé*. "When do you ever sleep? Why, I've been there a week and never got home a single night until nearly morning. Of course," she hastened to add, "my married sister and her husband were along."

"Perhaps you didn't hear the curfew," I suggested. "O, go on now. You can't kid me. They don't have no curfew."

"Yes we have, just like you have back in Ah-high-ah."

"Well, Ah-high-ah is a slow, pokey place; it is, anyhow in our town."

"Let's see, your town is—is—?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Well, I'll picture it for you. It has a public square. The county court house, built of grey stone, is set in the center of it. The building has a steeple with a clock facing on all four sides."

"Yes!" she said eagerly.

"And there are stores with wooden awnings around the square, with hitching-posts out in front. There is Main street, and Market street, and a lot of shady lanes leading away from the square, and they are called Elm, and Maple, and Walnut and Oak—"

"No, we haven't any Oak street," she interrupted.

"Well, no matter. You have two nickel theatres and an op'ry house."

"You've been there!" she accused.

"Never in Ohio in my life, Elmira."

"How did you know my name was Elmira?" she demanded.

It was written plainly on an envelope on her lap, post-marked "Eczema, O.," but I said: "Oh, I have psychic powers."

"Can you tell my fortune?"

"Sure. Let me see your hand. Ah, you are going to have a romance. It is quite exciting. Two men, one dark, the other light, are perfectly wild about you. I see trouble. The dark one is very, very jealous. You must not trifle with him."

Her eyes glowed, then all of a sudden the light died out of them.

"You're making it all up. The week I spent in New York was the only time in my life a young man took me out. Do you know how old I am?"

"About eighteen or nineteen—twenty at the outside," I lied cheerfully.

"I'm twenty-five," she dolefully lied in return. She'll never see thirty-three again. "I'm an old maid."

"Nonsense," I said sharply. "The fates never deceive. What I've told you is plainly written in your hand. This dark fellow, out in Eczema, is going to be terribly jealous of this young man in New York who took you out."

"Well, he certainly would have cause to be. You New York boys are not a bit slow. Just look how quick you got acquainted with me."

I nearly fell out of my seat.

"We were out every night; Churchill's, Rector's, all the cabarets, and the Winter Garden; but I can't say I approve of those girls with bare—uh—bare knees."

"They ought to paint birds on them," I said.

She blushed and quickly put down her skirts. Then she stuck out her foot and gazed admiringly upon her decorated hosiery.

"Do you like 'em?"

"Our best families wear 'em," I swore. "The boys back in Eczema will go mad about them. You will set the fashion. You will be the rage of the town."

She was as pleased and delighted as a child.

"I got them at a swell shop on Sixth avenue," she said. "They told me they were just the thing; just in fresh from Palm Beach. They're not near all the things I got. My trunk is just full. I bought an evening gown, cut way down to here."

She indicated the "here," and I hope, for the sake of modesty and the morals of Eczema, that she exaggerated slightly. She reached under the seat and brought forth a bag. She left it on the floor between her feet, and opened it.

"I can't hold these things up for everyone in the car to see," she said, "but I want to know what you think of them."

Well, whatever they were, they were as dainty and soft and silky and lacy and as beautiful as things of that kind should be. Lingerie, I believe, is the polite term. She ran her fingers through them lovingly; fingers that were thin and worn; fingers that belonged to hands that knew the dish-pan and the wash-tub in an intimate way. And for the first time I noticed the patient, long-suffering expression in her eyes—eyes that were now filled with tears of happiness.

"I've always wanted things like this," she whispered. "But father was such a hard man. No, I shouldn't say that. He's gone now. He just didn't understand. Now, I'm afraid it's too late."

"Not on your life, Elmira," I said. "When you get those things on you will forget the years that you did not have them. A week from now you and George will go down to the concert of the Eczema Silver Cornet Band, and while they are playing 'That's How I Need You,' George will tell you that the music is saying for him what he wants to say."

"But George is in the band; he's the leader."

"All right, then. It will be after the concert. You will go to the Reliable Pharmacy for an 'ice cream soddy,' and while you are walking along Maple street under the big trees—"

"Albany! Albany!" called the porters. I grabbed my bag.

"Oh, I wish you were going all the way," she said, as I shook her hand. "We were just getting acquainted."

I walked back along the side of the train after I reached the platform.

"You're not like a real New York fellow," she called to me, leaning out of the window.

I was at a loss to know just what she meant; then suddenly I understood. I motioned to the porter and he brought his little footstool. I climbed up on it, took her in my arms and kissed her. It made her quite happy, and for that reason I rather enjoyed the sensation myself.

"Pleased to have met you," she called as the train started on its way.

## Letters From the People

### A Query and an Answer

THE CHRONICLE

James W. Pennock, Jr., Publisher  
Richard Fletcher, Editor  
Charles G. Shaw, Associate Editor

Issued Only to Subscribers  
at - - \$12.00 a Year

507 Fifth Avenue New York City

August 16, 1917.

Dear Sir:—

We are addressing the leading persons of German birth in this country with the request that they take this opportunity of affirming or reaffirming their allegiance to the United States. Therefore, without wishing to inconvenience you, we do ask that you write in the space below whatever sentiments you may care to express.

The *Chronicle* is a journal of opinion with a breadth of view and we hope you will agree that it is a fitting medium for an exchange of mind of just such an international character.

In the absence of a response from you, we shall conclude that your attitude toward the entrance of the United States into the war is one of negation or disapproval.

Therefore, an early reply would be mutually desirable.

Yours very truly,

THE CHRONICLE.

Mr. Leo Loeb,  
St. Louis, Mo.

\*

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
MEDICAL SCHOOL  
Saint Louis

Department of  
Comparative Pathology

August 18, 1917.

The Chronicle,  
507 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

Gentlemen:—

I received your circular letter in which you request me to give you a statement as to my attitude towards the present policy of our government. My attitude may be best expressed as follows:

The ideals of democracy and of international rationality and justice which President Wilson upholds have been my own ideals in the past, and they are my ideals at the present time. Furthermore, I have full confidence in President Wilson's sincerity of purpose to seek devotedly for a realization of these ideals. I have always been opposed, and I am now opposed to that narrow conception of nationalism, to that contempt for international understanding which is necessarily associated with the tendencies of autocracies, upholding militarism and a social caste system.

While I am thus able to affirm my belief in the loftiness of the ideals of President Wilson, I must confess that I am not equally certain about the loftiness of the ideals of your magazine. It seems to be essentially undemocratic and un-American in its basic conception; and apparently you are using the present situation to force, under an implied threat of criticism publicly expressed, a contribution which might make your publication "spicy" from persons who are neither legally nor morally under

your jurisdiction. Your action seems comparable to the "muckraking" of certain magazines who saw in this muckraking a profitable business enterprise, a practice which was so common in a not very distant past.

Yours very truly,

LEO LOEB.

✱

### Plagiarism

New York, Aug. 26, 1917.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Permit me to suggest (as Paul Elmer More would say) that if you read the original version of "The Striker" by Jacob Davis, Harvard '19, which recently appeared in your paper reprinted from and credited to the *Harvard Advocate*, you will find that there are no crudities in it.

The piece as originally conceived and written by Ch. Hellem, W. Valeros and Pol d'Estoc for the *Grand Guignol*, Paris, was called "Sabotage," and it appeared several years ago in *The Smart Set* during my editorship.

The crudities of Mr. Davis' version



## Only a Few More Days in which to Save 15 to 30% on Furs

Our greatest August Sale of Furs is drawing to a close. If you have not already taken advantage of the savings afforded on

Finest Fur Coats, Sets,  
Individual Pieces and Skins  
for Furs Made to Order

you should not delay another day. Our collection includes the most fashionable Furs in the latest styles, and every piece—from the least expensive to the costliest—is sold with the Vandervoort guarantee of quality.

Pay one-fourth of the sale price when selection is made and the Furs will be stored, without charge, in our Cold Storage Vault until November 1st, when the balance can be paid and delivery made.

Fur Shop—Third Floor.

## Distinctive Interior Decorations

have characterized Vandervoort's Contract Department throughout the United States. If you are contemplating redecorating all or part of your home for the new season we shall be pleased to have you confer with us. When desired, the decorating and furnishing of new residences and buildings of all kinds, under construction, will be handled through the architect.

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are due solely to the fact that this ambitious young Harvard author is not a particularly clever plagiarist. Or perhaps I should say (since we live in psychic and esoteric times) that his subconscious memory was inaccurate. It may even be that the crudities were due to a knot-hole or some other flaw in the ouija board. Or to some spilling of cosmic fluids. Or to a poor telepathic connection. But whatever the explanation for this parallelism, the job was bungled.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

### A Challenge to the Darwinians

St. Louis, Aug. 27, 1917.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

After becoming familiar with the writings of the Darwinian evolutionists. I have attempted a systematic study of

the original records of political history, as far as available from B. C. 2000 to A. D. 1917. To sum up, as far as I am able to reach a conclusion:

The worst in human history, including wholesale manslaughter, is not due to the struggle to survive but to the struggle for superiority. The worst increase as the struggle for superiority increases. It comes from the men higher up, and the very worst only from the men highest up. I intend this to apply to the entire planet.

CARLYLE SPENCER.

✱✱✱

*Fussy Woman* (in crowded car, to shabby man)—I wish you'd throw up a window.

*Shabby Man* (with a grin)—I'd like to accommodate you, mum, but I ain't swallowed one.—*Town Topics*.



## Reflections

(Continued from page 553)

feriority. Such justice as an inferior race gets is not justice at all. Race prejudice will not consider justice. And injustice curses those who work it and those upon whom it is wrought. Col. Sterrett denies justice even when he pleads for it. The remedy so far as I can see can come only of a change of heart in the south, but how is that to be brought about? The south loves the negro—as an inferior. It hates the thought of his equality, political or otherwise. And this has been true as between whites and blacks throughout history. The race problem is insoluble in any light that we now have upon the subject. Christianity cannot accomplish it. Democracy excludes the black man. About the best that can be done is to punish severely every outbreak of the manifestation of race prejudice intensified into race hatred. This may be sad, but it is so.

❖❖

### The Sack of Bohemia

A FEW years ago a lot of artists, writers, Bohemians generally, gathered in a colony in the neighborhood of Washington Square, an old, obsolescent, decaying section of New York, and began to live and occasionally to work in a fashion more or less imitative of the ways of the Paris Latin Quarter. Some of the life was genuine, much of it pose and fake. To a degree there were no Ten Commandments and a man or a woman either could have a thirst and wherewith to slake it. There was free life and a little free love. The writers began turning it all into copy. The artists sketched and painted it. They called it Greenwich Village. It was supposed to be a place like Rabelais' Abbey of Thelme, where the motto was "Do as thou wilt." Then society and pseudo-society began to go there looking for local color and slumming, as they used to go to the Bowery when Steve Brodie was a sort of king, or as they used to go to Mott street to see the Chinese plays, the yinyans and the lobbygows. Studios were fitted up in dilapidated stables and other shacks. It was all suggestive of Henri Murger's *Vie de Boheme*. Those who went to see the wicked Bohemians began to discover beautiful old Washington Square, once the most fashionable section of New York. The old houses were very attractive. Some of them dated back almost to the Colonial period. More and more would-be writers and artists, more and more young free livers and would-be free lovers gathered in the neighborhood and more and more sightseers came to look them over and buy bad spaghetti and worse Chianti in the restaurants. Some of them even drank absinthe, that "fairy with the green eyes," the sale of which has just been prohibited by the New York Board of Health as a poisonous drug. And the charm of the Square and its old-fashioned houses grew upon the visitors. They sought rooms there with a view of the greenery and the handsome arch. And now there is a boom in Washington Square houses and in property for some blocks north and east. The old three and four-story houses are

being altered into apartments. People who think they have the aesthetic temperament are moving down from upper Fifth avenue and Riverside drive. No one can blame them. The real estate men are jubilant at the rejuvenation of the region. And they are modernizing a great deal of it, which is a pity. The light of other days that lingered around there is being made hard and garish. The modesty, mystery and dignity of the older buildings are being swept away. The Greenwich villagers are losing their pristine joyousness. Some of them are "getting sense," which means that joyousness is going on the blink. A lot of the happy pretenders are growing blasé. Can you blame them? Certainly not. The landlords are coining their joy-of-living, their delusion of successful revolt against convention, their attempts to live the life of Beranger's songs into money. The artists, real and assumed, the Balzacs and de Maupassants and Ernest Dowsons *manque*, the imitation van Goghs, Gaguins and Meryons are likely to be driven out by rising rents they cannot raise. The realty speculators are letting in the jungle of successful respectability and the blithe boys and girls who didn't care for aught but art and kisses quickly given and soon forgot will have to go. There's a half-page

article about the Washington Square boom in last Sunday's *New York Times*. Not a line about Guido Bruno or Clara Tice or Djuna Barnes or other parnasian celebrities of as late as a year ago. All interviews with real estate agents about the demand for apartments, the increase of rents, the reconstruction of old rooms with mahogany ceilings and beautiful marble mantels and exquisitely carved doors. The place is being profitably spoiled for Art and the life of careless abandon. Real-estating is what Sherman said war is.

❖❖

### Mobilizing Education

ERSTWHILE there was some fear that the war would have a paralytic effect upon education in this country, but the fear was groundless. Education is to be mobilized in the most thorough fashion. Many schools and universities have tendered at least a part of their halls to the government for military necessities, but this is not all: indeed it is the least part of the mobilization. A strong note is struck on the subject in a circular issued from Cornell university. Jacob Gould Schurman, the president, in an announcement to the actual and prospective students and to parents and guardians, states that the policy of Cornell will be to carry on all work without

change. Even the sports will be continued as usual, the only difference being that the attending expense will be minimized and curtailed in every way possible. President Schurman points out that the welfare of the republic and the advancement of civilization demand that education should not be neglected. "War being appeal to physical force tends in itself to brutalize men; education rationalizes and ennobles them, and the war instead of lessening the necessity for higher education is increasing it." Therefore the first obligation of those who do not go to war—that is, those over twenty-one who cannot qualify physically, those under twenty-one, and the young women of all ages—is to continue their studies. For during and after the war the nation will need an ever-increasing number of educated men, trained minds, for the rehabilitation of civilization, in every branch of industry. This appeal to the individual for higher education concludes with the statement that only earnest workers are wanted at Cornell, that these will have greater advantages than ever before because—on account of the absence of the majority of the seniors and juniors—the faculty will be comparatively larger. That Cornell would serve the nation militarily is evidenced in that military training has

—and now for the final days of the

## August Sale of Furs

ALTHOUGH with only a few short days left before its termination for the year, this remarkable fur sale is creating just as much enthusiasm and buying interest as it did at its inception. Our clientele has come to realize that August is the time to purchase Furs, and they have been giving their undivided Fur-buying attention to this sale.

Below are appended just a few of the remarkable offerings in this sale:

Hudson Seal Coats, belted model, \$125.00 to \$395.00.

Leopard Cat Coat, \$145.00.

Caracul Coats, \$185.00 to \$895.00.

Nutria and Hudson Seal Coat, unusual model, \$225.00.

Moleskin Coat, fox collar and cuffs, \$425.00.

Coatees, in mole combined with ermine or embroidered suede—also Hudson Seal models, \$195.00 to \$265.00

Kolinsky Scarfs, \$39.75 to \$250.00 (Muffs to match).

Hudson Bay Sable Stoles or Cape models, \$69.50 to \$750.00.

Stone Marten Scarfs, \$89.75 to \$375.00 (Muffs to match).

Fox Sets, \$16.50 to \$98.50.

Jap Kolinsky Scarf, \$24.75 to \$98.50 (Muff to match).

Hudson Seal Scarfs, \$12.50 to \$98.50 (Muffs to match).

Mole Scarfs, \$29.75 to \$225.00.

(Third Floor)

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always been prescribed and that of the Cornell alumni who entered the officers' training reserve the greater number earned captains' and lieutenants' commissions.

In this connection I note that Lieutenant-Governor Crossley, of Missouri, inspired by reports from school authorities throughout the state that a large number of children are to be kept out of school to supply the shortage of labor on farms and in factories caused by the drafting of young men for the army, has issued a proclamation calling upon all parents to start their children to school at the opening of the public school year next month, and to keep them there regularly during the year. This example will be followed in other states.

Washington University, St. Louis, will not only not slacken its usual work but will extend it in many ways. It will proffer all its scientific equipment for the solution of new problems in manufacture. The professors in the various specialties will be at the service of those who are confronted by electrical, chemical, mechanical, engineering, zoological, biological or other difficulties. Night classes will be instituted for the employes of industrial firms that they may increase their efficiency in meeting the demands of the time. The instruction in these classes will have a range from languages like French and Spanish, to international relations and business law. The fee for admission to these classes will be merely nominal. Chancellor Hall will throw open the libraries and laboratories of the institution to the use of those who want to help the country win the war and realize all the best results of peace.

♦♦

#### A Wise Decision

St. Louis will not hold an election next November to vote bonds of \$18,000,000 for public improvement. The ordinance authorizing such an election is of questionable validity. It would have been folly to submit the proposal anyhow, if the ordinance were good. With more billions of United States bonds to be issued, to say nothing of the prospect of increased taxation, the city bond issue would have been almost unanimously beaten by the people.

♦♦

#### Wringing Wealth

It may be taken for granted that the senators who have leagued together to increase the tax upon the grossly wealthy will accomplish their purpose in part. They will not get a tax of 70 per cent but they will make a bigger dent in the bigger incomes than the revenue bill as it now stands will make. The senators are right. The country at large is in favor of anything that will take the profit out of the war.

♦♦

#### The Next Bond Issue

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MCADOO is said to contemplate a 4 per cent partly taxable war loan. That is to say, although a 4 per cent interest rate shall be fixed on the next loan (as against 3½ for that of June), the new bonds shall be made subject to the supertax on incomes, though still remaining free

of the normal tax. Great Britain has done this, offering 4 per cent "tax-free" bonds last February as an alternative to the 5 per cent offer, subject to income tax. These bonds, however, were not free of the surtax. We are told that of the subscription, little more than 2 per cent of the applications—£22,658,000 out of £988,706,000—were for the tax-free issue. This apparent indifference to the tax has been accounted for by the fact that the difference in the terms of the two kinds of bonds practically allowed for the normal income tax. There was no prospect of higher income tax. The proposed 4 per cent bond free of normal income tax would be good for investors with an income below \$5,000. The *New York Nation* says that "of the applications for the recent \$2,000,000,000 3½ per cents, \$1,296,000,000 were for lots of \$10,000 or less. A fair proportion of these must have come from investors who would still be free of tax under the new proposal, while receiving ½ of 1 per cent more in interest, besides the privilege of converting their 3½ per cents into 4s. Presumably, their subscriptions to such a new loan would be increased. How far the larger subscriptions would be affected depends on the other question, how many of the \$3,035,000,000 applications for the recent loan

were attracted by its immunity from the income supertax." This question cannot be answered. The big problem in Secretary McAdoo's proposal is whether a 4 per cent loan would not have an unfavorable effect on other investment bonds and on the deposits in savings banks. A bond issue that would cause "unloading" and depressive prices in securities would be a bad thing. But finally the situation is this: "Can another 3½ per cent bond be floated?" If it can be, it will be. But why cannot the government devise a means of getting the postal savings of the country invested in its bonds? And why isn't there some way of getting the bonds into the hands of possessors of wealth in amounts not reachable by the income tax? There are billions of dollars out in the hands of people who get much less than even \$2,000 per year. A writer in *The New Republic* says: "What we should do now is to raise the postal savings rate to four per cent, investing in government bonds the savings as they come in. When each account has reached a specified minimum, say one hundred dollars, we could exchange it for a four and one-half per cent bond, thus gradually diffusing such securities among the population." This is money that our financial authorities forget altogether.

## For Every "Miss St. Louis" Who Is Going Away to School

One entire section is devoted to this display, and the variety will help many a mother to solve a perplexing question in the most satisfactory way. The simpler and more practical models are abundantly in evidence, and all of the latest features and colors are amply provided.

### Special Suits

At \$27<sup>50</sup>

Some have belts all around; others are novelty Norfolks; and still others have a trim, tailored appearance that is decidedly pleasing. There are serges, poplins, gabardines and such—staple and serviceable; and the trimmings have an attractive air of conservatism that is always in good taste. In sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20.

Other Suits from \$19.75 to \$49.75.

### Special Frocks

At \$15

Of serge in pleated, belted, high-waisted models. Taffeta and Georgette combinations, always rich and dressy, are draped with unusual grace; and the season's favored colors—purple, taupe, brown, navy and Pekin—rank first in the color line.

Other Frocks from \$19.75 to \$65.



### Special Coats

At \$19<sup>75</sup>

New Burella cloths and velours, in taupe, marine, khaki, brown and beet root. Youthful in their flaring fashion lines, their fantastic buttons, their rippling collars and their wide cuffs.

Other Coats from \$16.75 to \$160.

Misses' Section, Third Floor.

## Famous and Barr Co.

ENTIRE BLOCK: OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

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We Give Eagle Stamps and Redeem Full Books for \$2 in Cash or \$2.50 in Merchandise—Few Restricted Articles Excepted.

## Expectations

By Mary Sears

Douglas Sinclair's presence in the Clarendon Baby and Toy Shop occasioned a lively ripple of interest, since in that atmosphere of dainty, fluffy femininity, the masculineness of his opulent, well-groomed appearance was conspicuously pronounced. He was clearly both embarrassed and nonplussed, but waved all offers of service aside with a nervous, "I'm just looking around."

When a pretty young woman entered and hailed him with astounded surprise, his expression of helpless perplexity altered to one of relief.

"I certainly am glad to see you, Zelda," he declared joyously, so absorbed in his mission that he thus casually bridged the five years that had elapsed since their last meeting. "I was beginning to realize that I needed help."

Wearily he wiped the tiny beads of moisture from his brow.

Zelda had been surveying him from gardenia down with a critical appraisal that suggested a former sense of possession. His words deepened her bewilderment.

"But, Douglas, are you— Is it—"

She stopped and looked questioningly



at the miniature automobile before which he was standing.

"It isn't anything yet," he explained ambiguously, "but I—I hope it'll be a boy."

"O-oh! I see!" Zelda coughed and concealed a smile behind a cobwebby bit of lace, but her eyes twinkled as she said: "How novel to think of you in this new role, Douglas—a *paterfamilias*!"

"I thought Elsie would appreciate the—er—personal selection on my part," he mumbled hurriedly under his breath, as a clerk drew hopefully near.

Zelda frowned thoughtfully.

"I should say the automobile might come later. Don't you think so?" Her keen eyes swept the room and lingered on a bassinet of white enamel and cane work. "That would be lovely. See—it's adorable with those luscious pink bows and frilly trimmings, and horribly expensive. It's really just what you want," she urged.

Douglas looked down at it awkwardly. He even blushed slightly. He had felt much more at home contemplating the automobile, but he recognized his own limited knowledge in this field, so accepted Zelda's guidance and chose the bassinet.

"Zelda," he began jubilantly, his usual debonair self again, now that the transaction had been completed, "let's celebrate. It's not often that an ex-wife plays the part of helping angel as you have just done. What do you say to tea at the Ritz?"

She assented smilingly, and descended with him to the waiting Rolls-Royce with two men up.

When they were comfortably ensconced at a cozy table *à deux*, he began clumsily to explain:

"I dare say you think I've been behaving like a fool, but you see—I didn't find out until last evening and I haven't recovered from the pleasing shock of discovery yet. A wave of most extraordinary, most surprising emotion swept over me when I realized—when I saw Elsie knitting that absurdly tiny sweater and knew that some day—"

He paused and sighed gently.

"I'm glad you're so happy about it," Zelda said kindly. "By the way, did you know that I tried matrimony again too? I'm afraid, Douglas, that I was a disappointment to you in more ways than one."

"No, no! You mustn't say that," he broke in earnestly. "Really, Zelda, in many ways I confess I miss you. Elsie lacks both your vivacity and beauty. She—" He checked himself with a deprecating cough and added hurriedly: "I don't think I've ever fully appreciated Elsie until just now. She has some very admirable qualities, qualities which I must admit, my dear Zelda, you totally lacked. If you'd only been more domestic—more maternal in your inclinations, I fancy our marriage might have turned out very differently. Not that I blame you. It is, I realize, incongruous to associate the responsibilities of motherhood with your brilliant, restless personality. Still—a child is the indissoluble link," he finished tritely. Her silence encouraged him to continue.

"It's confoundingly good of Elsie to consent to become a mother, you know," he confided. "It's so rarely done now-

adays. That's why I felt constrained to do something—well, almost spectacular, to show my appreciation. Otherwise, I should have turned the selection of gifts over to my secretary."

Remembering her initial glimpse of him in the shop, Zelda smiled. Then she frowned, because some of his remarks had rankled.

"Really, Douglas," she declared crossly, as she gathered her array of vanity accessories together for departure, "I fear you're taking your approaching dignity too seriously. Your smug pompousness is almost bourgeois."

Several evenings later Zelda and Douglas met at the Astor at a concert given for the benefit of war orphans, and to her surprise he tried very obviously to avoid her.

"What's the matter?" she challenged, stepping directly in front of him. "Didn't Elsie approve of the bassinet?"

Douglas refused to meet her eyes. Fumbling nervously with his diminutive mustache, he finally blurted miserably:

"I made a mistake—jumped at conclusions. I—you see—she was making the sweater for her dog!"

Zelda was silent. There really seemed nothing to say. Then a latent, thrifty instinct spoke out:

"What a pity you didn't get the cunning automobile after all, Douglas! You could have sent that over to me, because I've two adorable boys of my own at home!"—*From Town Topics, New York.*

\*\*\*

## Coming Shows

On Labor Day the Orpheum vaudeville circuit under the local management of Edward J. Sullivan will open their beautiful new St. Louis house at Ninth and St. Charles streets designed by G. Albert Lansburgh. The auditorium is wide and shallow, the proscenium opening forty feet, and thus the entire audience will be near the actors. The ventilation system cools the air in summer, heats it in winter and washes it in all seasons. A thirty-five passenger elevator adds to the attractiveness of the balcony. Forty exits make the theatre safe.

The opening headliners will be Nan Halperin, singer, and Emily Ann Wellman, long Louis Mann's leading lady, in a sketch called "Young Mrs. Stanford." Other acts on the bill include Nellie and Sara Kouns, concert soprani; Bert Baker and company in a one-act farce "Prevarication;" Williams and Wolfus in a comedy "Hark-Hark-Hark;" George and Dick Rath, athletes; and William Ferry in "The Frog." Besides vaudeville the Orpheum will show the Orpheum travel weekly. There will be two performances daily, at 2:15 and 8:15.

❖

The Shubert-Garrick theatre will open Sunday afternoon with a short engagement of William Fox's film production of "Jack and the Beanstalk." As presented it is the unfolding of a fascinating story done amid exquisite scenes by beautiful children, whose average age is five. There is an introductory modern setting but this soon resolves into the time of doublet and hose and the bean-

## Women's Finest Pure Thread Silk Sweater Coats, \$30 to \$60

A very wonderful collection in dainty pastel shades, staple colors and combinations of both colors and designs.

Many novel features of a very distinctive nature, such as belts with "Trench" buckles in mannish effect, chic sash collars, unusual pockets, etc., etc.

# Greenfield's

Olive and Eighth

stalk which lead to the land of fairies and the devouring giant. Jack is barely five years old and the little princess only four. New York has taken the show to its heart.

❖

"Safety First," a swift-moving musical comedy, will be the opening attraction at the American theatre next Sunday. The scenes are laid in New York city and a seacoast resort, affording the beautiful chorus occasion to display picturesque costumes and lovely shapes. Billy House and Billy Wyse head the company.

❖

The vaudeville bill at the Grand Opera House for the week beginning next Monday will feature "Hong Kong Mysteries," an Oriental magical act presented by Neek Suen. Other attractions will be Haviland and Thornton in the merry farce "Inside Outside Inn;" Adrian, the blackface funster; Herschell Hendler, a poet at the piano; Billy Swede Hall and company in a comedy skit "Bud Weiser;" W. S. Harvey and company in "A Room Upside Down;" Billy Hilgard, character singing comedian; the latest Keystone comedies and the Universal animated weekly.

❖

The attraction offered by Manager Daniels of the Gayety theater next week, opening Sunday afternoon, will be the Oh Girls company in a two-act play, "The High Cost of Flirting." As might be expected from the title the plot is a breezy one with amusing complications. Clare Evans is the chief comedian and Frances Tait Bottsford is the featured prima donna. Jeanette Mohr is the sprightly and beautiful soubrette who always proves popular with her audiences. The company is gorgeously dressed and the stage settings are of the best.

## Marts and Money

It's a queer, unparalleled state of affairs on the New York stock exchange. Financiers and traders are engulfed in doubt and depression. They feel uneasy over the regulative policies of Washington, the firmness of the money market, and the severely censored, cryptic reports from Russia. There's no inclination to enter into definite, important commitments. The oracles are dumb. "The future looks black; keep out of the market!" Such is the blunt advice conscientious brokers feel compelled to extend to their perplexed, questioning customers, many of whom still cling to stocks bought at the phenomenal prices of 1916 or 1915. There's no demand for even the best investment issues. Even the odd-lot purchaser has disappeared; probably he, too, holds all the stocks he cares for in existing circumstances. Among professionals, trying to catch the daily eighths and quarters, the favorite pastime is to sell all the leading industries on the "hard spots." Of late this sort of business has been quite lucrative. There were breaks ranging from three to ten points on the publication of the government's bituminous coal prices. Steel common dropped from 123½ to 118½. Chartists evinced deep interest in this performance. They declared that it foreshadowed a still lower level in the near future, the previous recent minimum having been 118¾. They are a strange kind of chaps—obstinately dogmatic in their views. The heavy liquidation in industrial and mining stocks caught quite a large number of stop-loss orders, and thus served to augment the totals of transactions considerably. In the railroad department, the depreciation varied from one to four points, with particular weakness in Baltimore & Ohio common, Lehigh Valley, Northern Pa-



cific, Reading, and such low-priced issues as had been especially in demand in the last few months. The decline was promptly followed by an almost equally important recovery when some sapient, calculating fellows pointed out that the reductions in coal, steel, metal and equipment schedules, already effected or contemplated, must materially advantage the finances of the railroad companies. That the bulk of the buying was for short account cannot be doubted. Sentiment respecting railroad shares was further mended by news items harping attractively on the favorable statements of earnings given out by some prominent companies. The Atchison reported a net gain of over \$800,000 for July. This company, as also the Southern Pacific, seems to be in a chronic state of prosperity, largely or chiefly in consequence of obstructive conditions in the isthmian canal.

The trainmen of the Northern Pacific have decided to ask for another substantial increase in wages. They are observant, bright boys. They have taken shrewd notice of the extra dividend of more than \$5,000,000 which their company lately received on its holdings of Burlington stock. It is safe to predict that they will get almost all of what they want, in spite of the fact that the Northern Pacific needs many millions of dollars for improvements and new equipment. Wall street did not feel much interested, apparently, in the introduction of a bill in congress which demands government operation and subsequent purchase of all railroad systems. Congressman C. C. Dill, of Washington, the sponsor of the bill, is credited with the following remarks: "With the passage of this measure, the railroads would operate for the purpose of serving the people rather than for profits to stockholders. Railroads are the arteries through which flow the life-blood of the nation. If we place them all under the control of a government board, the systematizing of the handling of passengers and freight service would add at least one-third, if not one-half, to the capacity of service. The elimination of competitive operations, empty cars, and advertising expenditures would mean enormous savings." Nationalization of railroads is likely to be witnessed in less than ten years. It's in line with the general drift in national affairs. At present it is an actual, live problem in Canada.

Owners of oil and sugar certificates were badly frightened by bold intimations from Washington that the prices of these commodities will also be downwardly regulated. The resultant declines were quite severe. Additional uneasiness was created by the announcement that at the request of Mr. Hoover the officials of the coffee and sugar exchange had ordered a suspension of trading in sugar futures. The quoted price of fine granulated sugar is 9 cents, or about 100 per cent above the average pre-war level. The recent quick and material advances were, according to the statements of refiners, the inevitable outcome of curtailed supplies in Cuba and increased demand for European account. The reduction in the output of Cuba is occasioned by the revolutionary outbreaks placed at about 300,000 tons. It was of last year. We are given to understand that our federal government is

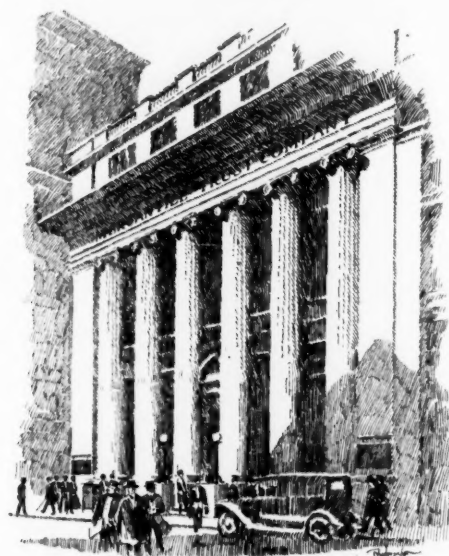
prepared to furnish adequate military protection to all plantations and mills in the event of another rebellion on the island.

The quotation for Anaconda, representing the richest copper properties in the world, is down to 73, the lowest level since February 1, when 70 was touched. The maximum in 1916 was 105 3/8. The renewal of liquidation was prompted by a dispatch reporting a complete cessation of operations at the mines and smelters, owing to fresh labor troubles. The persistent unrest in the mining regions of the west is deeply disliked in financial quarters. The fear prevails that it will force cuts in some dividend rates in the next few months, especially so since it coincides with reduced prices for metals. In the mines of the Inspiration Copper Co. operations have been resumed on a small scale. The current quotation for electrolytic is 26 cents. Trading in this class of shares is of small proportions nowadays, and hopes of another inflationistic movement have virtually been abandoned. In some quarters the idea survives, however, that the record-breaking prices of the past two years may be restored six or twelve months after the ending of the war. Viewed in the light of the socialistic tendencies in all nations, it surely would appear advisable to be very modest from now on in all conjectures and predictions relative to post-bellum conditions. We have entered a new epoch, one likely to shatter all former ideas concerning government and political economy. We are confronted with a "*grand peut-être*," to use a famous expression of Lamennais. Just consider the prevailing conditions on the Chicago board of trade. The pits are almost deserted. There's scarcely anything doing. Yet that has been for many years the greatest grain and meat market of the world. It's about time to get instructive glimpses of the high lights of the present extraordinary situation throughout the world. In saying this, I do not include problems arising out of military conditions.

The weekly statement of the New York banks and trust companies discloses excess reserves of \$68,776,000, against \$76,455,000 in the previous week. On August 4, the record stood at \$168,735,000; on July 6, at \$278,452,000. The latter established absolute maximum since the introduction of the federal reserve system. Time funds continue rated at 4 3/4 to 5 per cent, and call funds at 3. A further little hardening is probable. Japan still is drawing important amounts of gold from the United States. The latest consignment to that country was \$6,000,000. It increased the sum total of exports since last May to over \$60,000,000. The Washington authorities have granted another loan of \$100,000,000 to Russia. The aggregate advanced to that country by our government now stands at nearly \$300,000,000. Loans amounting in all to about \$400,000,000 have been made to Russia since the commencement of the war by our bankers and private investors. A writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, of London, places the grand total of war expenditures of the fighting nations at \$100,000,000,000.

#### Finance in St. Louis

Latest proceedings on the local stock exchange were tame and featureless,



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It Will Then Draw Interest from September 1st

Your savings in the Mercantile will be under U. S. Government protection. Being a member of the Federal Reserve System, the Mercantile Trust Company is subject to the same supervision and examination as National Banks.

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What do you do with your surplus funds when they pass the \$500 mark?

Have you studied the difference between investing in enterprises, ownerships and obligations?

How do you choose between good bonds and others?

The writer of "Saving for Investment" has endeavored to answer these questions. His answers may interest you. A copy of the booklet is yours on request.

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broadly speaking. They did not bring marked changes in quoted values. In some instances the drift was slowly downward, mostly as a result of further cautious liquidation. National Candy common remained the most active stock.

About four hundred and twenty shares were transferred at 33.50 to 34. One hundred and thirty shares of Consolidated Coal were sold at 55 to 56; twenty Hamilton-Brown Shoe, at 144 to 144.50; twenty International Shoe common, at



# ORPHEUM

St. Louis' Palatial New Home of  
Vaudeville  
LABOR DAY AFTERNOON 2:15

NAN HALPERIN | EMILY ANN WELLMAN

NELLIE & SARA KOUNS  
Bert Baker | Williams & Wolfus

George & Dick Rath  
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Orpheum Concert Orchestra  
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Popular Prices Prevailing.

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MAXWELTON PARK  
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August 29 to September 8,

SIX OR MORE HIGH-CLASS  
RACES DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY

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HORSES IN ACTION

Admission \$1.50, Women \$1

## PROGRAM FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS WEEK OF AUGUST 26th

LEWIS & MILLS  
Aerial Sensation.

ALTHOFF SISTERS  
Juvenile Musical Wonders.

ARTHUR HAVEL & COMPANY  
In Will M. Cressy's Latest Comedy  
Playlet, "Playmates."

WRIGHT & DAVIS  
"The Love Insurance Agent."

LOUIS STONE  
Presents a New Novelty in Dance  
Featuring the "Revolving Chandelier  
Dance"

## AMERICAN

STARTING NEXT  
SUN. MAT. & WEEK

Evenings & Sun. Mat., 10-25-35-50c  
Mats., Tues., Thurs., Sat., 10-25c

THE TWELVE CYLINDER  
MUSICAL COMEDY

## SAFETY FIRST

SONG HITS GALORE  
BEAUTIFUL COSTUMES

20—Dashing, dancing, Prancing  
Girls—20

**SANITOL**  
TOOTH  
POWDER OR PASTE

Keeps the Teeth White and Healthy

97.25; sixty Ely-Walker D. G. common, at 119, and twenty Missouri Portland Cement, at 80.

The banking department continued dull and virtually unchanged in quotations, actual or nominal. Eleven Bank of Commerce brought 117.50, and five Third National, 240. Hopes of a decided turn for the better in the demand for this class of shares have grown slim. This notwithstanding, there is no increased desire on the part of holders to part with their certificates at material reductions in prices. They feel sure of the stability of prevailing rates of dividend. Margined holdings have almost entirely been eliminated. The total is smaller today than it has been for many years.

For United Railways issues the demand is slow and un dependable. Current quotations are a little lower than those of a week ago. The preferred stock is held at 21.50, and the common at 6.25. The week's transfers were twenty-five and sixty shares, respectively. A few \$1,000 bonds brought 61. The inquiry for ordinary bonds has fallen off substantially in recent months; this, for reasons perfectly obvious. A like condition of things obtains in all other financial centers.

Bank clearings in St. Louis still are respectably large; they surpass the corresponding records in 1916 by 20 to 40 per cent every week. Quoted charges for loans remain at 5 to 5½ per cent.



### Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank .....	110	
Nat. Bank of Commerce..	117½	
Third National Bank.....	240	
Mississippi Valley Trust	288	
United Railways com.....	5¾	6½
do pfd. ....	21¼	21¾
do 4s .....	59¾	60¼
E. St. L. & S. pfd.....	47	
Certain-tyed com. ....	48	50
K. C. Home T. 5s (\$100)	93	
St. L. Cotton Compress....	40	43½
Ely & Walker com.....	118½	
do 1st pfd.....	106	108
do 2d pfd.....	86	87½
Consolidated Coal .....	57	
Granite-Bimetallic .....	55	57½
Hamilton-Brown .....	145	
Brown Shoe com.....	68	
National Candy com.....	34	34¼
Wagner Electric .....	185	



### Answers to Inquiries

H. O. McD., Appleton, Wis.—American Woolen common is a speculative stock, with inferior investment merits. The 5 per cent dividend is fully earned; it could indeed be raised to 6 or 7 per cent if the industrial future were not so replete with uncertainties. The current price of 49 denotes a yield of over 10 per cent. On June 8, sales were made at 58¾. The enlarged selling lately was mainly in sympathy with general conditions. Cannot recommend purchases except after a further decline of at least seven points. Buying should not be conducted on "hard spots," no matter how seductive market gossip may be at the time.

DOUBTFUL, St. Louis.—There's no probability of a resumption of payments on Baldwin Locomotive common in the next three months, the heavy foreign orders for locomotives notwithstanding. All manufacturing corporations are forced to pursue conservative financial courses. They are faced with growing requirements of working capital. Bald-

win common is not an investment, and should be bought only in hours of sharp depression. In the past two months it has been in generous supply after every rise of five or six points. The ruling quotation of 67 shows a break of about \$50 when compared with last year's top notch.

STOCKHOLDER, Logansport, Ind.—American Malting first preferred is essentially speculative. Its dividend record is not encouraging; nor is the existing rate unquestionably safe. The stock is not even particularly desirable for speculative purposes, its market being unreliable most of the time. You will be better advised if you take a first-class investment stock that has received 7 or 8 per cent for at least ten years, and yields not less than 6½ per cent on funds invested.

READER, St. Louis.—American Sumatra Tobacco may be a popular purchase before long, if things hold fairly steady on the exchange. There's a lot of bull dope on tap. Stocks of this class are regarded as peace purchases. If you bought Sumatra for speculation, you might as well continue holding it; the chance of a nice profit is fairly good. Moreover, you get a regular dividend of \$4.00 per annum.

W. F. B., Utica, N. Y.—The 12 per cent dividend (\$6 on the par value of 50) on Midvale Steel will undoubtedly be maintained a while longer. But it may have to be cut some time in 1918. The period of enormous profits is drawing to a close, owing to regulation of prices by the government. Would therefore advise selling on the first sharp recovery. The present price of 56½ compares with 67½ on June 7, and with a maximum of 98½ on the curb market in 1915.

OBSERVANT, Argentine, Kan.—American Hide & Leather common is just a gamble. The possibility of a substantial advance is pretty slim. The former bull clique has been unloading in stealthy ways for several months. There yet is some specious talk in regard to big earnings, but it is given scant thought among tutored speculators. This is the worst possible time for dabbling in stuff of this kind.



French Maid (to inquiring friend)—Oui, madame is ill, but ze doctaire haf pronounce it something very trifling, very small.

Friend—Oh, I am so relieved, for I was really anxious about her. What does the doctor say the trouble is?

French Maid—Let me think! It was something leetle. Ah, I haf it now. Ze doctaire say zat madame has ze small-pox.—*Boston Transcript.*



"Hurrah! Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story, 'A Modern Husband.'" "Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?" "From the express company. They lost it!"—*Life.*



He—Of course women should vote. They deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner.

She—Of course their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?

He—Because they change them so much oftener.—*Puck.*

## SHUBERT-GARRICK

Beginning Next Sun. Mat.  
Twice Daily, 2:15 and 8:15

William Fox's Colossal Film  
Spectacle

## Jack and the Bean Stalk

The Peter Pan of the Movies

Prices—Nights, 25c to \$1.00  
Matinees, 25c and 50c

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BIGGEST AND BEST  
ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE

Ever Offered at Popular Prices

Box Seats 30c; Lower Floor 25c;  
All Other Seats 15c.

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Women and Children.

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STEP LIVELY GIRLS

NEXT WEEK

A Real Girlsque Show, Christened

O H GIRLS!

With Clare Evans and Joe Mills and

Lockwood Monroe

In Two Acts and Six Scenes Entitled

"The High Cost of Flirting"

## STANDARD

REAL BURLESQUE

## THE BIG REVIEW OF 1918

With HARRY (HICKEY) LEVAN

CLAIRE DEVINE

FLORRIE BROOKS

and the

YACKY WACKY DANCERS

The Biggest Number in Burlesque.

NEXT—MILE-A-MINUTE GIRLS.

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SPORTSMAN'S PARK

BROWNS vs. CHICAGO

September 4, 5

BROWNS vs. DETROIT

September 6, 7, 8, 9

GAME STARTS AT 3:30

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Pauley Drug Co., Grand Ave. and Olive  
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- TREASURE ISLAND by Robert Louis Stevenson.
- WAR IN THE AIR by H. G. Wells.
- DOLL'S HOUSE, GHOSTS and AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE by Hendrik Ibsen.
- THE RED LILY by Anatole France.
- MILLE, FIFI and twelve other stories by Guy de Maupassant.
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